

THE DOMESTIC MAIL

A COLORED CHURCH REVIVAL.

From the *Philadelphia Times*.

All, however, were not absent from spiritual devotions. The seafarers, too, were there. A group of colored sailors, who had been gathered together by their captain, and a party of worldly young men, recently traded the Christian lovelessness of an old deacon by their untimely conversion.

"Say, Mass," remarked a Southern "gent" to his companion, who sported a bold buff necktie, "observe dat old boy's white hair in de middle. Must be a dade, eh?"

The worthy deacon, who seemed to unto the functions of spiritual adviser with those of the staff, or sergeant-at-arms, overheard the jest and turned upon the youth with a smile.

"I'll, you know comin'!" he retorted, "if you don't stop your blabberin' I'll run you right out de room."

Bishop White has finished his sermon now, and for a moment there is a pause in the service. The quiet, hush-hush atmosphere is broken by a tattoo on the front window. Then sister Hannah, sweet of the voice, rises to offer a few words of advice and state some homely truth.

"We have a lot of colored men down here dat ole colored woman ought to keep still in meetin'. Now, I say, let de women stay clear off de church funerals. De men dey make blues—blues! But old Hannah's bound to say a word to them, and you know you can't make up for what you've made up of yourselves. You know dat you only come to here for to git warm by that stove, an' you make up for it."

White has to say a word for her. Comes in dis church about yours an' our den goes about 'em, gets drunk dat weel time. Spose somebody giv' along, and dat would be all right, but you know you can't get out of it."

"Well, he has to say a word for her. He didn't say he had to help him out. You comes in dis church about yours an' our den goes about 'em, gets drunk dat weel time. Spose somebody giv' along, and dat would be all right, but you know you can't get out of it."

"Yes. He did." "Shure, 'm'nt, 'Bless de Lord," came the fervent responses from all over the room.

And then old Hannah turns to the young girl. "Some on you think you're bout your ribbons an' your furbelows than 'bout the everlasting gospel. You can't be a tramp, erate chile on de Lord, while you're gadding around like a wild animal. You got to be a lamb, and your feet, too."

"Polt'n off now an' han' em over to de devil, and sulting the action to the word old Hannah had said, a bundle of coats from the front bench and carried them over to the back, where the others had gathered.

"It in his name," as he rocked to and fro and shouted: "But a fac!"

"On, yes, girls, Hannah's gal' to glory! No, she do show us you see dat gaatch in de other cumber land, but she do want to see you. She wants to see you. She wants to meet you there."

"And now an old brother from Baltimore meets the restrain."

"Oh, my friends, says the good man, as he nops the present. And his hands are full, but he is a calm man; the culped people are foremost in the Gospel band. When the Lord was carrying de cross to Calvary an' it got so heavy, Alexander come along an' took up the load."

"An' he done it, too." An old man, who had made this revelation with the air of an orator who knows just where to touch the most effective point. The worshippers are on their feet in an instant, the shout of triumph is heard, and the crowd breaks forth that the speaker's voice is totally drowned. Before the spectator has recovered from the effects of this novel statement a white handkerchief is held in front of his face, and when he consider it is bitten by an explosive metrical infection. The brother sings one little at a time, the congregation joining in the refrain:

"De Dahbi am walking over the land,

On, yes, praise de Lord!

And nothing evert' thing comes to hand,

On, yes, praise de Lord!

He nubbed me toe, and he nub me fast,

On, yes, praise de Lord!

He nubbed me toe, and he nub me fast,

On, yes, praise de Lord!

CROUCHES.—Prase de Lord, prase de Lord.

"I'm goin' on to glory,

On, yes, praise de Lord,

On, yes, praise de Lord!

On, yes, praise de Lord!